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Dan Flynn, San Francisco, Callf.; Peggy
Brinton, Houston, Texas; Mary Masters,
Zions Grove, Pa.; John Allen, Santa
Cruz, Callf.; and Betty Ann Carroli, Altoona, Pa. Also, a free annual subscription for AMAZING MYSTERY
FUNNIES has been entered for each of
the following: Jack Foley, Wohurn,
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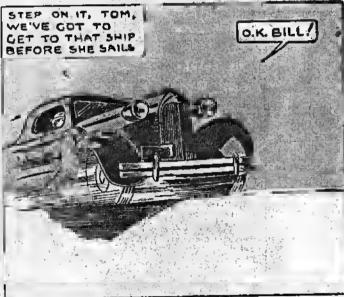
SO YOU HAD NO DIFFICULTY FINDING OUR SECRET ROOM, EH? WELL, MY YOUNG FRIEND, JUST WHAT DID YOU EXPECT TO GAIN BY COMING HERE? ~ YOU NEEDN'T SMILE AT THE THOUGHT OF ALL YOUR FRIENDS OUTSIDE COMING TO RESCUE YOU, FOR



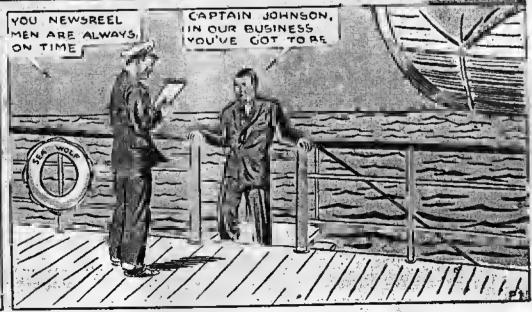


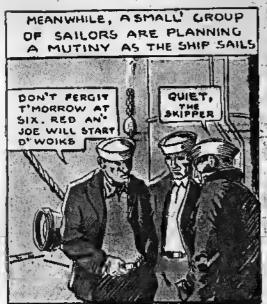






CAPTAIN
JOHNSON
OF
THE
SEA
WOLF
WAITS
FOR
RODMAN
A
POWER
BOAT
COMES
OUT
TO
THE
SHIP





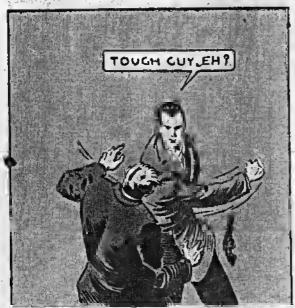


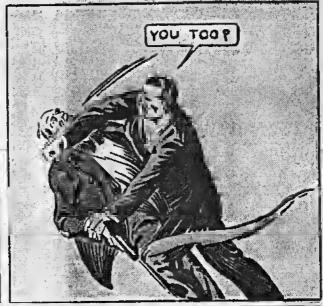
AT
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SIX
O'CLOCK
THE
NEXT
MORNING



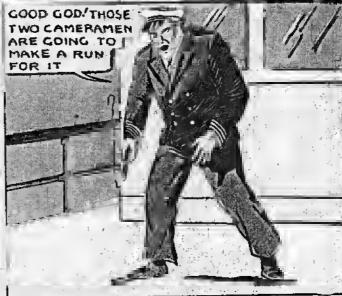




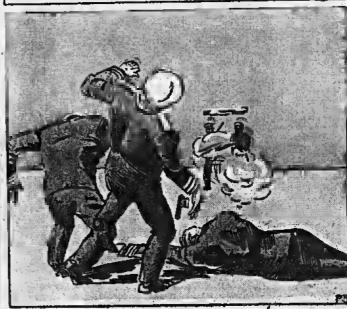














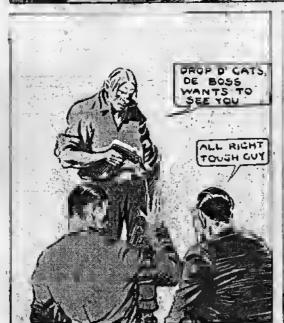






THE QUICK CRACK OF A RIFLE AND CAPTAIN JOHNSON TOPPLES OVER -









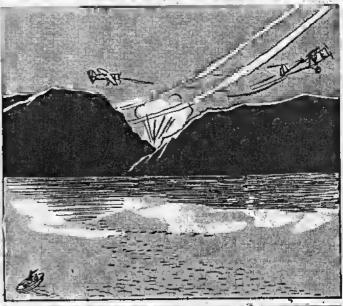
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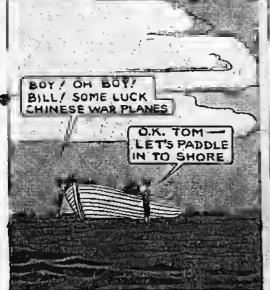
DRIFTING GOING NOWHERE BUT BILL AND TOM ARE GAME TO THE

CORE









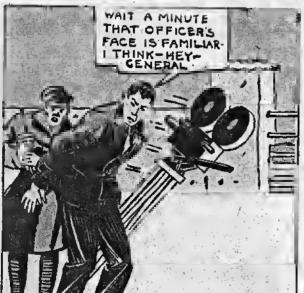
AFTER
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FOR WHAT
SEEMED PAS
THEY
GAIN THE
SHOREAND
CLIMB
UP-







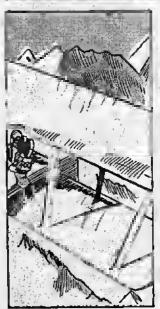


















The

# LAMAOKADAK

JOE BRAILEY STORY



COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE.

## by VICTOR J. DOWLING

HIGH INTRIGUE AMID THE ETERNAL SHOWS OF TIBET -- WHERE NO WHITE MAN TREADS

FAR IN THE HIMALAYAN HIGHLANDS
JOE BRAILEY HAS PITCHED OVER-NIGHT
CAMP ON THE LONG JOURNEY INTO
TIBET AFTER SNOW-LEOPARDS





HERE, HERE! SUPPOSE HE DID TOUCH YOUR CHEEKTHEY'VE MEVER SEEN WHITE SKIN UP HERE..AND
THAT LAD, KANG, IS A FRIEND OF OURS. HE'S GOTTEN
US PERMISSION TO STAY AT THE LAMA MOMASTERY AT
KADAK UNTIL AFTER THE THAWS



AND LEAVE A TABLE OF :
MURDERED "CHINKS" BEHIND
US? MOTHING DOING. COME
ON: MAUDIE, - FORGET IT: WELL
DE IN DECENT QUARTERS BY MIGHT

YOUNG LADY VERY FIERCE. TIGER











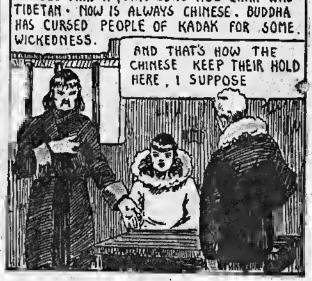






THAT HAT WAS WORN BY THE LAST LAMAHE'S THE HEAD MAN AROUND HERE . THESE PEOPLE BELIEVE THAT HE MEVER DIES . HIS SOUL IS SUPPOSED TO PASS INTO SOME CHILD, WHO REVEALS HIS RIGHT TO THE THRONE BY RECOGNIZING ONE OF THE LAMA'S GARMENTS . THAT'S HOW THE OFFICE GOES ON FROM BE TIBETAN TO ANOTHER.





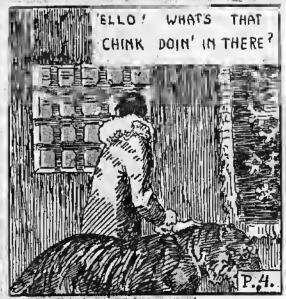
HUMBLE PARDONS SIR. LONG AGO LAMA WAS



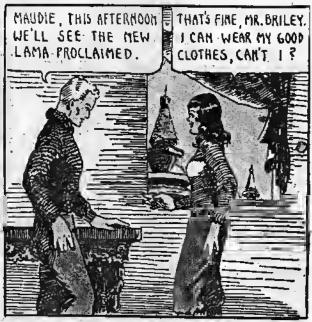


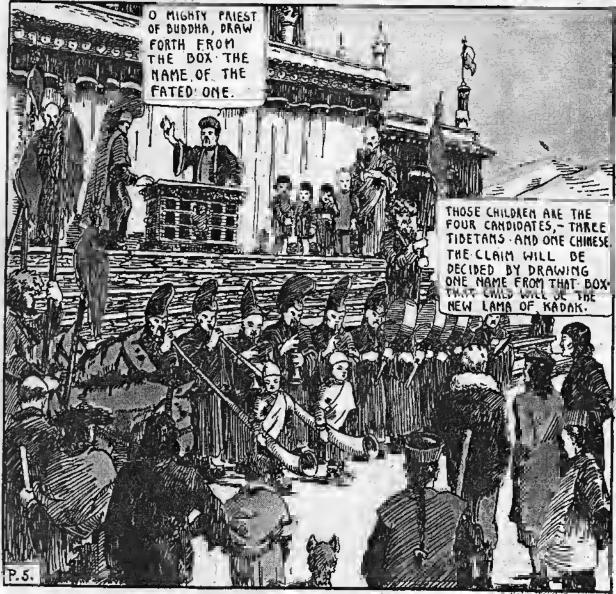




















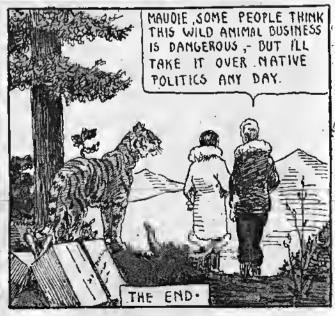


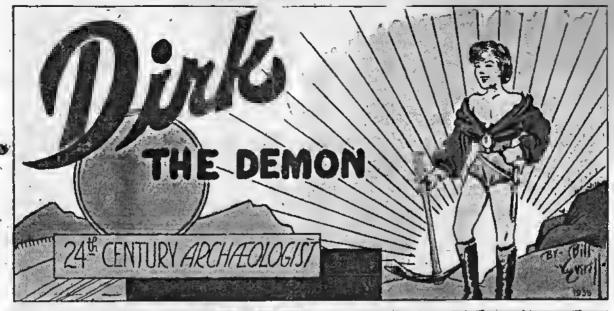


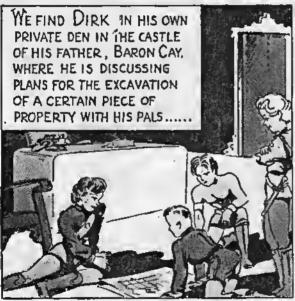


























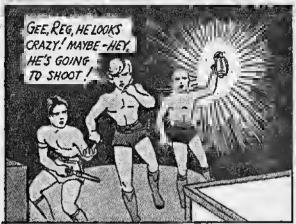


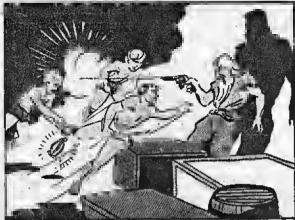






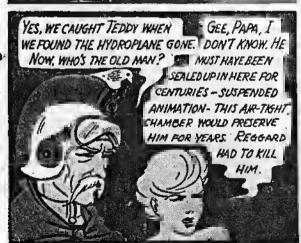














### AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES HOW TERRY KILGISON FLEW



The Amazing Inside Story of How the American Ace Broke All Records in Flying Around the World, and How He' Won The Million-Dollar Flying Race Against His' Will. A Complete

By Lloyd Dyoll

THIS is the story of how Terry Kilgison flew around the world in one day. I mean the inside story, because nobody will ever believe that Terry went around the world in less than twenty-four hours against his will!

Yet the plucky little American flyer, who had entered the first 'Round-The-World Flying Race WAS first; though he didn't mean it, and I can prove it, because I saw him, with my own eyes, stalk in the Wings Club not quite twentyfour hours after he left it to begin the first leg of his journey, bound for Omsk . . .

This is how it I appened.

Tom Norb and I were sitting in the lounge of the famous Wings Club in New York, just waiting for time to pass until we would get the next report of the Round-The-World Flying Race, with five lamous flyers from four different countries competing for the fabulous sum of one cool million dollars as first prize. We were writing up the stuff for the New York "Planet," and of course our correspondents tipped off at the strategic points along the course mapped out for the flyers by the International Aeronautique Association made it easy to follow the progress of the various ships.

Strange Adventure

Story

# AROUND THE WORLD IN A DAY

From the very start, Terry Kilgison, the American ace, led the race. Everybody expected him to. He was not only equipped with the fastest bullet-plane ever designed and built, but Terry had a mania for speed that almost streamlined his face. His words were stream-

# Principal Characters in This Story:

TERRY KILGISON, a lovable, fast American ace, who meets an unexpected experience while he is in the lead on the Million-Dollar Round-The-World-Race.

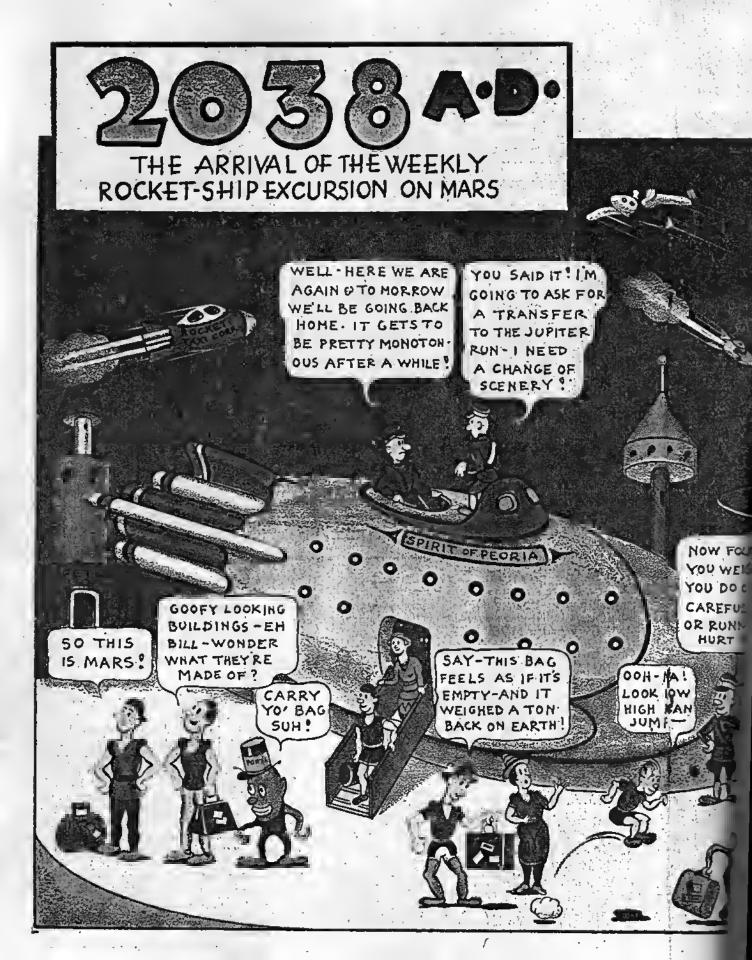
"THE GUY"—a strange person who uses the outstanding flyer of the times for a dangerous experiment.

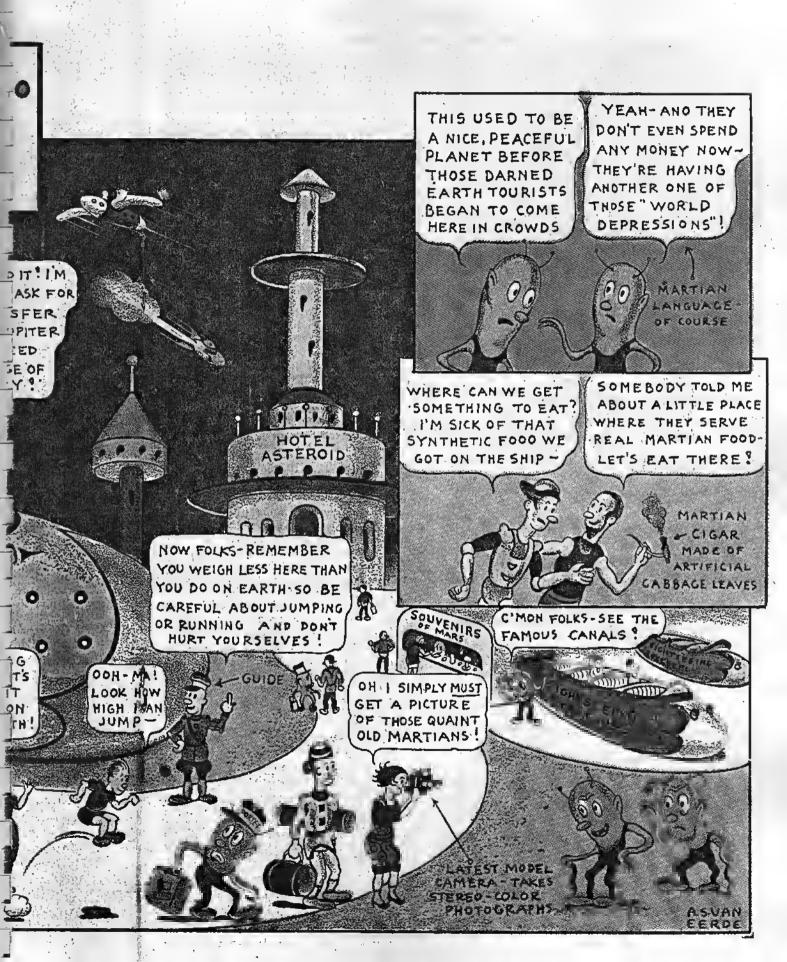
TOM NORB and I—both reporters on the New York "Planet", who were first to get the story of Terry's amazing Round-The-World record-breaking flight from Terry himself.

lined, and he spoke as fast as he flew. He could fly indeed—a mean average of nearly 400 miles an hour, and just about as fast as any human could stand hour after hour, for a flight that counted its refueling stops down to split seconds, and drove right through storm areas rather than lose even a minute of time circumnavigating them . . .

Terry kept on leading the pack, with the rest of the birds right on his heels, until he reached Hitokappu, a speck of dirt a small distance from Vezo. Why Terry ever landed there, nobody knew then, for it was off his course, and obscure enough a place to be very suspicious. Actually, Terry's scheduled stop for fast refueling was Osaka, from which point he was to take off, and carry himself clear across the Pacific, and bring down his swift bullet-plane down in the lower bay of New York . . .

It wasn't till later that we learned somebody else took Terry's ship to a forced landing in that small island of the Kuril chain. We didn't know it until he told us. Terry had been reported lost by the observers along the mapped route . . . hadn't been seen or heard from in hours. Of course, it was just like Terry not to say a word of his plans, and to turn some [CONTINUED AFTER CENTER SPREAD]





-- CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGES unexpected, clever trick that would leave everyone gasping, perhaps a little sore because it wasn't cricket, but smiling because of its daring

and its courage.

Perhaps that was what Terry was up to, and that's why Tom Norb and I had decided to wait at the Wings Club for further news and developments. I guess Terry hadn't been heard from in about 10 hours, and the radios all over the Pacific were beginning to buzz around the latitudes to learn whether anybody had seen him-when . . . in walks Terry Kilgison!

Yes, while Tom and I are mooning over the crazy little American ace, and the probabilities of his having struck a snag right in the middle of the Pacific waters, never to be seen or heard of again . . . there he walks right in the lounge of the Wings Club!

It's Terry Kilgison as big as life-and here he shows up, right in New York, ten hours after he's reported missing off the coast of Chosen,

in the Japan Sea. Am I crazy?

But Tom saw him too, and gasped. Tom, an old World War correspondent, and a flyer himself-gasped!

We both managed to stutter, incredibly:

"It's you, all right, Terry? It's you?"

But we couldn't believe it!

"Yep, it's me, all right, Terry! Here's me credentials. Passports, fingerprints, and everything. Look 'em over, gents of the Press, if you don't believe me."

It was Terry, all right, with his careless, flip-

pant air.

"B-but you are supposed to be down, lost, somewhere in the Pacific, or something . . . " I managed to stammer.

"Well, here I am, all right-" replied Terry,

hardly smiling.

"Then you've won the Million Dollar Race!" shouted Tom. "You're a rich guy, Terry . . One Million Bucks!!!" he screeched. "How . . . how did you do it?" I guess Tom was touched off by the incredibility of it all.

"You broke all records . . ." I managed to put in. "Why, you've made it around the world in 23 hours and 44 minutes, plus 12 seconds!"

Terry stood there, glaring.

"Pipe down, both of you," he replied. "I'm not proud of this race, I sort of won it unfairlike . . . You see, I flew all right, but I got here by accident . . .

"Come now, Terry, you're no Corrigan, we

know that!" Tom and I shimed in.

"Aw, cut it, fellows. I'm giving you the lowdown. The Japs made me win this race, and I almost didn't" Terry was reluctantly explaining.

Almost simultaneously, Tom and I sensed that perhaps there had been some trick of Terry's - a comical, farcical little stunt that Terry used to pull once in a while when he was tired of official red tape, and disgusted with the stupidity of the human race. Yes, it was possible that Terry was fooling, and that this time, he had over-stepped himself.,

'The Japs, Terry?" Tom asked, "Why, they are not even in the race. Why should they, of all people, try to stop you from winning? You're famous in Japan, Terry, and they like you there."

"Come on, Terry, what's the low-down?" I

asked bruskly.

"Well, you fellows will never understand it," answered Terry. "Might as well get it off my chest, and fast, too, if you fellows are going to keep it a secret.

"Here's the whole story, and every word of

it is true, do you hear?

"I landed in Osaka a couple of hours aheadof my schedule. The little Pierce Bullet was revving and purring like a watch charm. It's the sweetest little job in the skies-and I was heading for home so fast nobody could have

caught up with me any way.

"Well, then, I land in Osaka, and of course, the mechanics rush up to my ship, wheel her around, and into a big drome, and of course, I'm inside, seeing as how we're flying the strato, and everything is sealed in. We have to undergo just a little of decompression, just like the divers do when they come up from the heavy pressure of the water.

"A guy is there to meet me, and he has a big smile. He says to me: 'Mister Kilgison, this is indeed a great honor!' Not knowing who the guy was, and not specially caring, because I was anxious to be on my way back, I say Honor for what?' and he answers with a big smile.

"The big smiling guy replies 'To be on time for our big planetary experimental flight. 'What are you talking about?' I countered, 'Hey, smiling Jack, get my Bullet looked over and refueled, and fast, because I've got a couple of more miles to go till I get home, and I want to get there before dinner time tomorrow night!'

"Then, that fellow lost his smile. He said something in Japanese, and a flock of little fellows surrounded me, and took me somewhere.

"When we got through travelling - and it seemed a long tin;e—the big smiling guy led me, with my hands tied behind my back, to a huge open ground, with a gadget on it that looked very, much like an enormous tobogan slide pointing right at the moon. It was night, of course, and the moon shone bright in the

"'Tonight, my dear Kilgison, you will enjoy an unusual honor. You are to be the first may to fly to the Moon! Here is the rocketship, and I am anxious to see how it will perform, I willlollow you through this high-power telescope, and you can signal to me through the special system installed on board the rocket, and which I will now explain to you. That's what this guy said to me, Terry Kilgison, American flying acel Some honor, hey, fellows!

"I looked around to see how I might get away. The guy was cracked, I could see that. There were high walls all around this place, and only the huge end of the tobogan, pointing



skyward. Now I could see at the top, a sort of bullet-shaped object, with fins, and observation windows, poised, ready for a flight.

"Quickly, the guy led me toward an elevator, and we were whisked up to the loading platform. Now I could see the rocket better. It was a beauty of a ship"... just the kind you would dream of using for a trip to the Moon.... Only, that night, I was not a bit anxious to take off for any other place but New York...

"'Get inside, my dear Kilgison' the guy said. He pushed me aboard, with a rapid-fire gun in my back. Then, he carefully and clearly explained to me the workings of all the controls. And as I listened with one ear, I looked all around for a way of escape. Then, suddenly, the guy wasn't in the ship anymore, and I heard a door click closed,

"There I was, fellows—aboard a rocketship, and bound for the Moon! Nutty, isn't it?

"I didn't waste time trying to get out of the infernal thing, but the first thing I knew, the rocketship's engines started to spurt fire from the rear exhaust, and I WAS MOVING at full speed down that tobogan, the bottom end of which was pointed upward, in the sky.

"With a terrific rush, we left the runway, and there I was, snapped into space — TO-WARD THE MOON

"Whether I wanted to or not—I was going to the Moon, instead of New York. That's what the guy thought. I did some fast thinking, some quick acting, and grasping the metal chair that was the pilot's seat, I started to crash it right into the instrument panel, then, into the apparatus, and the gadgets all around me.

"Nothing happened—or seemed to happen. Our velocity was terrific, and we were flying through stratosphere space at the rate of 5 or 6 miles per second! When I looked through the observation window, I could see, though, that I had done something to the steering gear, which

apparently had been fixed set for the destination of the Moon.

"I was gradually getting off the Moon course, and coming back to earth, but where, I had no idea. I figured then I might as well crash, and forget about the whole thing. We were still going very last—so last that only a few hours or so after we had started, I began to see the black water of the Pacific disappear, and here was land once again! For a time, we kept flying through the stratosphere . . .

"Well, crashing on land would be tough, but it was a choice between that or drowing . . . Anyway, I thought, I was always lucky,—they'll surely find me on land!

"We were gliding over the ground at a terrific pace now in flat trajectory. I didn't know what else to do, except close my eyes, and wait. I didn't know where I was, and frankly, gentlemen, didn't care. I wanted this horrible experience of flying against my will, and in an unmanageable ship to come to an end as fast as possible . . . then, there was a sudden shock, and the whole thing rolled over and over, and there I was . ."

Tom and I almost asked the same question at the same time: "Where did you land? Didn't you get hurt?"

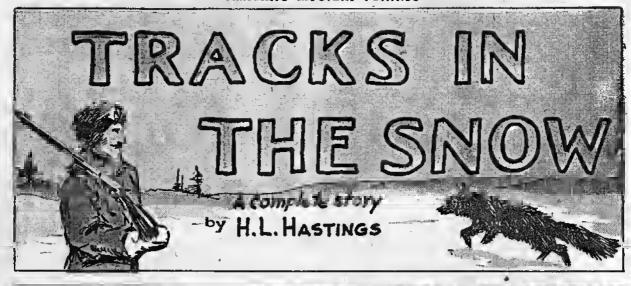
"As far as I could make out, I'm unhart. Didn't know where I was until I asked the truck farmer whose freshly plowed field out on Long Island served as a landing field . . . He told me, then I took the train in, and here I am . . ."

"Then, you did fly from Osaka to New York, at than, didn't you Terry?"

"Yes, but listen, fellows. That's the inside story. Don't, for Lord's sake, ever tell the gang how I beat the record. They'd never believe me."

And that's the inside story of how Terry Kilgison flew around the world against his will in less than twenty-four hours!

-- THE END --















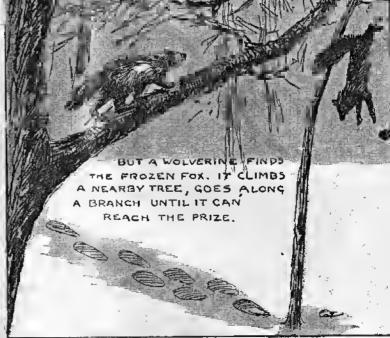












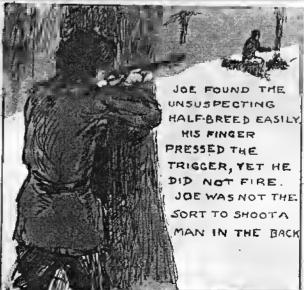










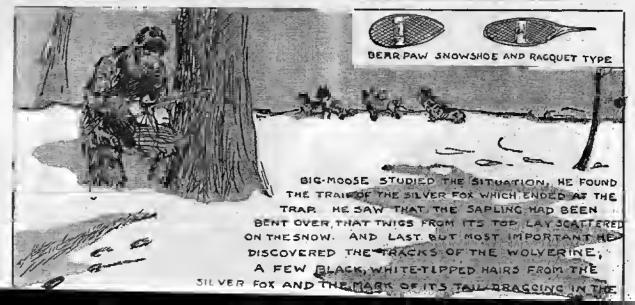
































# FISHERMENS LUGER

BOB COLBY TOOK HIS CHANCES ON THE

A COMPLETE STORY IN PICTURES





OB COLBY























NEWSPAPER MEN ME EYE! BUT YOU CAN





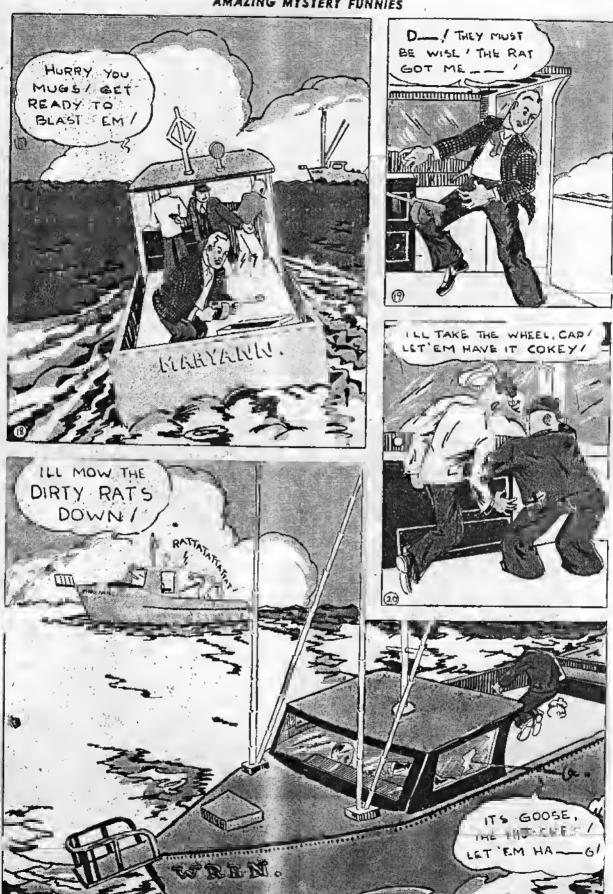






HEAD FOR THAT BOAT

YOU PULL THAT















SORRY MARYANN!

BUT I MUST BE

MOVING ALONG !-

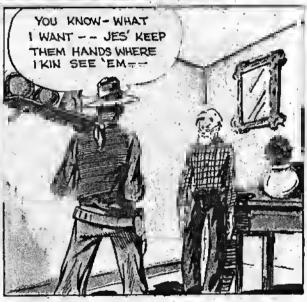


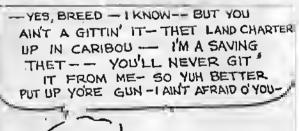














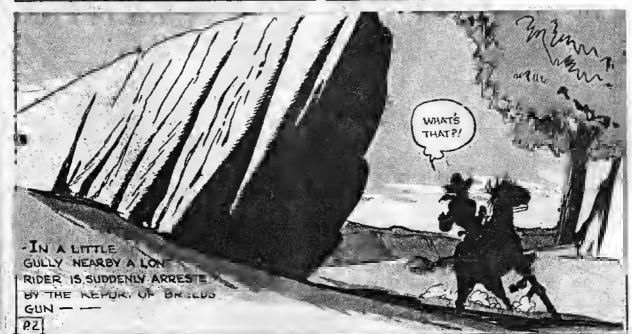




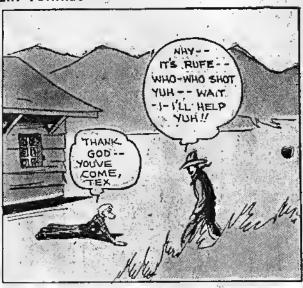


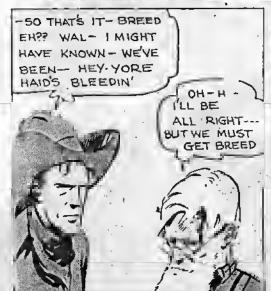




















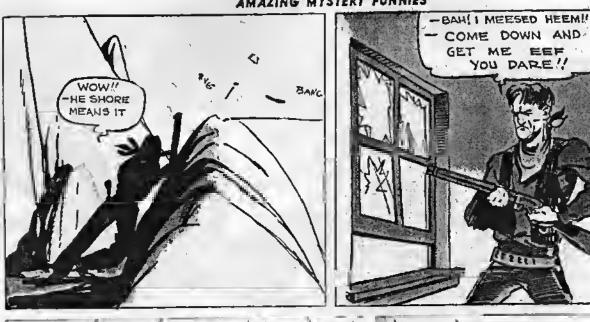
-WAL HOW YUH GONNA GET HIM -- THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY DOWN INTO THET CANYON AND BREED'ILL PICK YUH OFF IF YUN SHOW YER HAID -- LOOKS LIKE WE KAINT GIT IN THAR -

YES, BUT HE CAN'T GET OUT EITHER-DIDJA EVER HUNT COYOTES - WAL THET'S WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO- NOW HERE'S MY PLAN -- WE'LL WAIT UNTIL AFTER DARK-



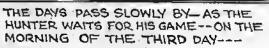














THUS-DESPERATE FROM HIS CONSTANT VIGIL 'BREED' DECIDES ON A MAD PLAN-















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